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To the earlier poems of the author, only her initials, S. W. (Sophia Webster), were appended, to which, in time, an L. was added, on her marriage to N. M. Lloyd.

To the excessive modesty of this habit is due, no doubt, the fact that while, in whole or in part, many of them have received a place in excellent collections, it is rare that credit has been given in any way. Indeed, it was not until Prof. John B. Peaslee, of this city, expressed his mortification that he had been able to find no clue to the authorship of a fragment selected for his "Gem" collection, that serious thought was given to their publication in authoritative form, in justice to such as he, as well as to the author.

A source of still deeper regret, is the loss of several, and by no means the least meritorious, of them, through neglect in preserving copies. It is not without the hope that their non-appearance here will lead to the recovery of some of them, that this publication is issued.

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LLOYD BROTHERS,

Cincinnati, Ohio.

NBI

(Llo 1)

POEMS

OF

MRS. SOPHIA WEBSTER LLOYD

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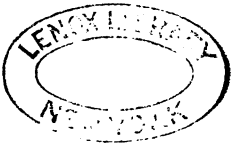

PREFACE.

As occasion moved, during a busy life now verging on three-score years and ten, I have committed to the waters many little waifs of verse—some to find lodgment in local prints; some to be carried far and wide in "popular" collections; some to be swept out into the waste, never to be recovered. From many of them the very name of the author has been rubbed away. Such as have not been lost, with others never before ventured in print, are gathered here to gratify the partiality of the best children that ever blessed a mother's care. That now, after fifty years of vicissitude since the earliest of them was penned, they should receive such filial honor, and that old friends and acquaintances should see my name restored to them, are thoughts to which I can not plead indifference.

As many of them would appear unmeaning

if disconnected from the incidents that called them out, I have found it unavoidable to append a few notes of explanation, which I hope will prove sufficient to make everything intelligible.

SOPHIA WEBSTER LLOYD.

EAST NORWOOD, Ohio, 1887.

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THE INDIAN WARRIOR'S GRAVE.*

They sleep in quiet,—thick around
On yonder hill their graves abound,
Save where the share hath broke the clay,
And swept the last faint trace away,
That told where, resting from his toil,
The red man slept beneath our soil—
That soil which once his footstep trod,
  As proud and free as we who claim
The right of empire o'er the sod
  'Neath which the buried dead remain.
Perchance it may be right, that we
  Should take these forests and their waves;

*My parents were among the pioneers of Western New York, coming into the country when traces of Indian homes were on every hill and in every valley. Thirty years before, Gen. Sullivan had passed over the beautiful country of the Genesee, devastating those rich lands of the Six Nations, and leaving destitution and famine in his track. His expedition is a matter of history, but there is a peculiar vividness in history when it speaks of things with which one is familiar. There is pathos in this account of Sullivan's excursion into the Indian country, when the plowshare turns up the charred and blackened corn, and when you hear, from lips that knew them, the sad and painful stories of those starving Indians, from whom my childhood was but slightly removed.

My home was in the valley of the Honeoye, the Indians of the Oneida reservation to the east, the Tonawandas to the west of us. The two tribes often visited each other, and, in passing, they camped beside the Honeoye, lingering to fish in its stream and to hunt among the

But, oh, it can not surely be
  Ours—to invade their simple graves.
'T is all they claim, a little spot
  Where they may moulder peacefully,
And turn to dust—and shall we not
  Extend it to their slumb'ring clay?

In childish rambles, oft and oft
  My feet have wandered o'er the ground,
And pressed the verdure rich and soft
  That early Spring-time spread around.
The hill where sleep the Indian dead
  Was a familiar place to me;

---

wooded hills. We children never thought of fearing them. We knew them as a quiet, peaceable, peculiar people, and we became familiar with them. We would stop in their tents day after day on our way to and from school, until some morning, without having given a sign on warning, they would be gone.

I could never understand how they bore with such resignation to see our villages rising on their hunting-grounds, our cultivated fields taking the place of their forests, our corn ripening even over their buried dead. I used to think it all out, and from the depths of my childish heart I pitied them.

My early experience with those vanishing natives of New York seems to teach that these people were of a different nature from the Indians of the present, as I have seen them on the Western plains.

The hill at the east of our valley was an Indian burying-ground. Each new season the plowshare turned up the treasures of their graves, and each succeeding Spring we children gathered arrow-heads, wampum, pipes, and other articles. On the hillside, where the soil had not been broken, the undisturbed graves were plainly discernible. We respected them, and our school-paths, that lay directly across the hill-tops, meandered in and out among their depressions.

The whole vicinity teemed with legends of the Indians, one of which is woven into this poem of "The Indian Warrior's Grave."

Across its brow the school-path led,
  And there the sun-light, falling free,
Called Flora's treasures from the ground
  Before a blossom decked the dell;
And nowhere could a spot be found
  That childhood loved to haunt so well.
But sacred was each tiny flower
  That oped its petals where they lay;
O Death, a strange, mysterious power
  Hast thou, in childhood's early day.
Full many a legend, wild and dread,
  And fearful, each young memory knew,
Which, clustering thick around the dead,
  A superstitious reverence threw
O'er the old hill; and if by chance
  The precincts we were lingering near
When twilight fell, the hurried glance
  And trembling footsteps told our fear.

There was one little sheltered nook,
  Where the wild grape and thorn-tree grew,
So thickly shaded that it took
  Till noon to dry the pearly dew;
It bore a simple little tale
  Of Indian love and white man's wrong:
The maid had drooped in yonder vale,
  The lover for revenge had gone,

And came not back except to plant
  The thorn-tree where the young girl lay,
Then seek what his own home could grant
  No longer—quiet, far away.
'T was years, long years before—they said
  That half a century had flown
Since the lone Indian's silent tread
  From his long-cherished home had gone.
But still tradition told that he
  Whose hand that lonely grave had made,
And planted there the old thorn-tree,
  Would breathe his life out 'neath its shade.
And we believed it, we who deemed
  Each tale of Indian goblin true;
Who thought that even the fire-fly gleamed
  With a mysterious, spectral hue,
If o'er the haunted ground it shed
  Its fickle light at eventide;
While (though familiar) every tread
  Ghost-like and silent seemed to glide.

'T was Summer, and a noisy troop
  Had sought for berries near the hill;
But yet the busy little group
  Had failed their baskets quite to fill;
When one suggested that he deemed
  Around that grave they clustered thick;

We paused a moment, for it seemed
  A sacrilege for us to pick
The berries there—then slowly drew,
  All huddling close, around the spot,
Until a hasty glance we threw:—
  Shudd'ring, we scarcely knew at what.
But 't was no idle phantom now,
  For stiff and cold in death there lay
An Indian, whose swarthy brow
  Was pressing lifeless on the clay.
I almost feel the shudd'ring chill
  With which our hurrying footsteps sped
Across the field, adown the hill;
  In every home the tale we spread,
  Of the old Indian lying dead.

Our fathers laid him there to rest,
  The maid he loved so well beside;
The same turf on his bosom pressed
  That pressed before upon his bride.

Years have sped by, and I have lost
  The groundless fears that childhood gave;
But still an awe will steal across
  Me as I stand beside that grave,
And think how that old chief had come
  Back where his dream of glory woke—

Back to his early birth-right home,
  To die where his proud heart had broke.

WEST BLOOMFIELD, N. Y.

[Published in the Philadelphia *Saturday Courier*, about 1844.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

A fair-haired boy was kneeling
  Beside his mother's knee,
Repeating, in a sweet, low tone,
  The prayer of infancy.
But coldly fell the 'customed words,
  His heart was far away
Amid the school-boy troubles which
  Had crossed his path that day.

Softly the mother laid her hand
  On his rich, clust'ring hair;
Kindly she listened to his griefs,
  And soothed each little care;
Softly she led his heart away
  To the sweet thoughts of Heaven;
Gently the good-night blessing and
  The good-night kiss were given.

Under an influence such as this
  The fair boy's childhood passed:
A mother placed within his heart
  The principles that last;

A mother's gentle hand restrained
  The waywardness of youth,
And brought his wand'ring footsteps back
  To rectitude and truth.

Time passed away, and manhood came
  On that young brow, to bind
The wreath of noble intellect,
  The stamp of God-like mind.
Yet still he cherished, bright and fair,
  The lessons of his youth—
His high and holy principles,
  His deep, strong love of truth.

[Published in the Philadelphia *Saturday Courier*, about 1845.

WE GREET THEE, WINTER!

We greet thee, Winter! We are glad
To see thy snowy mantle spread
  O'er river, lake and hill;
We 're glad to hear the merry sounds
That tell us happiness abounds
  Among sleigh-riders still.

We love thee, Winter! Thou dost bring
Upon thy cold and frosty wing
  Much, much our hearts to glad;
And though thou 'rt bleak, we 'll not repine,
For springs of joyousness are thine
  That Summer never had.

The merry Christmas' noisy glee,
And New Year when each heart is free
  From aught of pain or care,
And the long evenings' cheerful mirth
Beside the wintry fireside hearth,
  Loudly thy worth declare.

Then, hail thee, Winter! We will greet
Thy pleasures with a welcome meet,

And taste them while they stay;
And when thou 'rt gone, and joyous Spring
Comes with her robes of blossoming,
We 'll bid thee speed away.

BOSTON.

[Published in the *Olive Branch* or the Philadelphia *Saturday Courier*, 1843 or 1844.

MOONLIGHT.

I love the moonlight—and I will not break
  The sweet, soft spell that comes upon me now,
Nor seek to check the imagings that wake,
  As flows that silvery radiance o'er my brow,
And, falling on each loved familiar thing,
  Seems like a gentle halo resting there:
So sweet and calm, it were a wrong to bring
  A light more brilliant, but not half so fair.

I always loved the pearly orb of night;
  Hour after hour I 've sported 'neath its ray,
When childhood, with its happy heart, and light
  And joyous spirit, hung about my way;
And in life's early youth-time, scarce less free,
  When years first gave to me a touch of thought,
It was beneath the moonlight's brilliancy
  That their most deep and thrilling tones were caught.

Oh, there is rapture in the quiet hour,
  When, all uninterrupted and alone,
We give the reins to fancy's magic power,
  And live amid creations of her own;
Peopling the earth with future visions bright,
  And cloudless as a Southern summer sky;
And living on, 'mid scenes of pure delight,
  Without a touch of life's reality.

But 't is not often that the moonlight falls,
  With its sweet spell, upon my spirit here;
The deep, dark shadows of the city walls
  Cast a strange influence, ominous and drear;
And, like a discord in familiar song,
  Bring to my mind a gloomy sense of pain;
If only for its moonlight, I would long
  To greet my quiet country home again.

BOSTON Mass., Sept., 1843.

[Published in the Philadelphia *Saturday Courier*. Written during a residence in Boston.

OUR FIRST SNOW.

The feathery snow is falling fast,
  Old Winter is at hand;
The token of his coming spreads
  Its white coat o'er the land.
I knew the month that heralded
  His reign was speeding by,
And yet I never realized
  His Majesty was nigh.

I have not watched the fading leaf
  Fall trembling to the ground,
Nor marked the gradual decay
  That Autumn spreads around;
I have not, as of wont, beheld
  Beneath his frosty breath
The beauty of the landscape fade,
  Till merged in gloom and death.

When last I looked upon the earth
  'T was dressed in robe of green,
And all was glad and bright beneath
  The reign of Summer's queen.

And now it seems that Winter grasps
  The sceptre from her hand,
Usurps the throne of Fall, and reigns
  A tyrant o'er the land.

But well I love the falling snow,
  All dreary though it be;
It brings a crowd of memories
  Of friends and home to me.
Oh, I will yield my spirit up
  To the deep gush of thought,
The rich, warm feelings of delight
  This first bright snow hath brought.

BOSTON, 1843.

[Published in the *Olive Branch*, Boston, or the Philadelphia *Saturday Courier*, 1843.

MY RESTING-PLACE.

I would not ask that I might sleep
  Among a lordly race,
And find within a gorgeous tomb
  My final resting-place.

I would not care where it might be,
  How humble and how low,
Whether the tall grass 'bove it wave,
  Or bright flowers o'er it grow.

But I would have the chastened tear
  Of blest affection shed,
And kind and loving hearts to weep
  Around my quiet bed.

[Published in the *Olive Branch*, or in the Philadelphia *Saturday Courier*.

LITTLE SONNETS TO THE FLOWERS.*

Flowers beautiful and bright we bring,
Flora's own fragrant offering,
Fit wreath to twine the scholar's brow,
And deck the hallowed shrine,
Where young hearts in their freshness bow
A noble wreath to twine,
The wreath of knowledge that shall bloom
On earth, nor fade beyond the tomb.

SNOWDROP.

Harbinger of early Spring,
From the ground awakening,
Ere another flower would dare
Brave the cold and chilly air,
Thou hast raised thy snowy head
From its cold and wintry bed,
Like a messenger to say,
"Winter bleak has passed away."

---

* Written for a class of little misses, eight to ten years of age, West Bloomfield, New York, 1846. One verse was recited by each, and the chorus together.

And we love thy presence well,
Little Snowdrop; thou dost tell,
Welcome spring has come again,
Spreading sweets o'er hill and plain.

ROSES.

Roses, roses, let them grow,
  Thickly clust'ring all around;
Other flowers shall have a place,
  But the rose shall most abound,
Standing by the gravel walk,
  Climbing to the window-seat,
Growing close about the door,
  Roses beautiful and sweet.

VIOLETS.

There 's a lovely little flower,
Found in every leafy bower,
Springing up beneath your feet,
Almost in the very street.
In the grass it hides its head,
Creeps around the border bed.
You may crush its tiny stalk,
In your morn or evening walk,

But its name you 'll not forget—
'T is the modest Violet.

CARDINALIS.

Would you seek the brightest blossom
Born beneath the summer's sky?
Seek it where the Cardinalis
Rears its brilliant head on high.
Lovelier flowers are blooming 'round us
In the sweet, warm country air,
Than the greenhouse plants afford us,
Tended with the greatest care.
So if you would gather treasures
In the floral family,
Do not slight our native blossoms,
Growing ever bright and free.

HAREBELL.

In the field, the lane, the meadow,
By the brook, the hedge, the walk,
There 's a lovely little blossom,
Growing on a slender stalk.
'T is the Harebell, speaking to you,
With its deep cerulean blue,

Of a friend no change can sever,
  Of a faithful heart and true.

LILY.

I have sought in Flora's bower,
For the best and loveliest flower—
Not the one of gaudiest hue,
Opening proudly to the view,
But a flower that will speak
Of a gentle heart, and meek.
And the Lily, pure and white,
  Is the emblem that I find,
In its language we unite
  Truth and purity of mind.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

Coming with the early May,
  Pretty flower to friendship true,
How I love thy form to see,
  All the long, warm summer through.
'Mid our garden treasures thou
  Shalt ever have a sheltered spot,
For a favorite thou art,
  Little blue Forget-me-not.

LINES

On the Death of Miss Martha Ann Martin, respectfully inscribed to Her Parents.

A sweet, sweet flower hath fallen
  From off the parent tree—
A pure and gentle blossom
  Ye cherished tenderly;
And never fairer blossom grew,
  Reared by affection's care,
Or perished in its loveliness
  Beneath the Autumn air.

Your household hearth is desolate—
  For one, the loved and young,
Is resting in the churchyard now,
  The silent dead among.
Oh, do not seek to still your grief,
  Or check the falling tear—
'T is right and fitting that you weep
  The loss of one so dear.

And yet 't is sweet like her to pass
  From this cold world away,
Ere doubt, or care, or sorrow cast
  A shadow o 'er life's way.
Then cherish long and faithfully
  Her memory in the heart,
And learn the chastening lesson well,
  Her life and loss impart.

[Published in the Rochester *Democrat*, 1845 or 1846.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

An old man was tottering beneath the weight of years, and Truth came to his side and said, "Thy span of life is almost run; settle thy concerns for this world, that when Death shall come for thee thou may'st be prepared." The old man heard the warning, and would have obeyed its dictates, but Falsehood whispered, "There is no occasion for haste. Wait till the schemes in which thou art now engaged shall be brought to a successful issue; then thy affairs may be better adjusted." A little while, and the old man's thread of life was cut. Even over his coffin-lid dissensions arose as to his estate. Injustice and rapacity prevailed over right, and those whom the old man loved and would have protected had a tale of wrong and injury to tell.

There was hilarity and mirth in the well-lighted hall of the bacchanalian, toward which the steps of one in the pride and beauty of manhood were tending. Already his hand was on the door, and, pausing, he listened to the

riot within. Truth laid her restraining hand upon his arm: "There is danger there," she said; "now, before calm reason lose her sway —while the influence of the destroyer is slight —break away from the allurements of the midnight revel." But Falsehood breathed her sophistries in his ear: "There is no harm in moderate indulgence," she said. "He is not a man who must fly, but cannot resist temptation; ere the relish become a passion there will be ample opportunity for escape." A few years, and he who had disregarded the warning voice of Truth had fallen, oh! how fallen. His substance was wasted, his family were beggars, and he a debased and miserable drunkard.

A light-hearted and joyous maiden was smiling in the sweetness of her early beauty, and Truth came to her and spoke the sober language of honest and true affection; but Falsehood whispered in her ear the tale of flattery, and she turned from the voice of reason and honor, and listened to the honeyed words of the deceiver. Time passed; the rich harvest of her affections had been gathered and cast aside; the light had faded from her eye; the smile had died upon her lip—for the heart of the maiden was broken.

Anger was flashing from the eye, and violent words came from the lips of the little boy. Truth spoke to the parents of early and wholesome restraint, of a temper easily curbed, of errors easily rooted out; but Falsehood pushed her aside, with the old tale that riper age would correct the faults of childhood; that maturer years would bring judgment and discretion to the wayward heart of youth; that self-discipline would regulate the bias of the mind, and smooth the rough places in the disposition. Time passed on—the errors of the child had been uncorrected, and the man was a prey to dark and vindictive passions.

LINES.

When bright Aurora breaks the clouds
  That slumbered through the night,
And pours on every earthly thing
  A flood of golden light,
We feel its presence, but we scarce
  Can lift our eyes above—
So many worldly things there are
  Presented us to love.

But when the dark'ning shades descend,
  And shut our vision in,
When night o'er all that 's beauteous
  Unfolds her sable wing;
When there is naught of earth to check
  Our spirit's upward flight—
Then, *then* it is we look above
  For guidance and for light.

So is it in the day of life—
  When all is bright and fair,
We have enough to taste the joys
  That dance in sunshine there;

But when affliction's night draws nigh,
  When sorrow's cup is given,
Ah, then how blessed is the light
  That shines on us from Heaven.

SPEAK KINDLY.

Speak kindly, speak kindly; ye know not the
power
Of a soft and gentle word,
As its tones in a sad and troubled hour
By the weary heart are heard:
Ye know not how often it falls to bless
The stranger amid his weariness;
How many a blessing is round thee thrown
By the magic spell of a soft, low tone.
Speak kindly, then, kindly; there 's nothing
lost
By gentle words—to the heart and ear
Of the sad and lonely they're dear, how dear—
And they nothing cost.

Speak kindly to childhood. Oh, do not fling
A cloud o'er life's early sky;
But cherish it well—a holy thing
Is the heart in its purity.
Enough of sorrow the cold world hath,
Enough of care in its later path;

And ye do a wrong if ye seek to throw
O'er the fresh young spirit a shade of woe.
  Speak kindly, then, kindly; there 's nothing lost
By gentle words—to the heart and ear
Of joyous childhood they 're dear, how dear—
        And they nothing cost.

Speak kindly to age—a weary way
  Is the rough and toilsome road of life;
And one by one its joys decay,
  And its hopes go out 'mid the lengthened strife.
Oh, how often the word that is kindly spoken,
Will bind up the heart that is well nigh broken.
Then pass not the feeble and aged one,
With a careless air and a light, cold tone;
  But kindly speak, kindly; there 's nothing lost
By gentle words—to the heart and ear
Of the careworn and weary they 're dear, how dear—
        And they nothing cost.

Speak kindly to those who are haughty and cold:
  Ye know not the thoughts that are dwelling there;

Ye know not the feelings that struggle untold—
  Oh, every heart has its burden of care;
And the curl of the lip, and the scorn of the eye,
Are often a bitter mockery,
When a bursting heart its grief would hide
From the eye of the world 'neath a veil of pride.
  Speak kindly, then, kindly; there 's nothing lost
By gentle words—to the heart and ear
Of the proud and haughty they 're often dear—
  And they nothing cost.

Speak kindly ever—oh, cherish well
  The light of a gentle tone:
It will fling round thy pathway a magic spell,
  A charm that is all its own.
But see that it spring from a gentle heart,
That it need not the hollow aid of art;
Let it gush in its joyous purity,
From its home in a heart all glad and free.
  Speak kindly, then, kindly; there 's nothing lost
By gentle words—to the heart and ear
Of all who hear them they 're dear, how dear—
  And they nothing cost.

[Published in the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post*, 1846.

WOMAN'S EYES.

BLACK EYES.

There 's spirit in the bright black eye,
  The energy of mind,
The firm resolve, the purpose high,
  With hope and strength combined ;
The talisman of noble deeds,
  Courage to do and dare,
Boldness to grapple with the world,
  Are plainly speaking there.

There 's beauty in the full black eye,
  A luster in the bright
And flashing orb, that well might vie
  With dewdrops in the light;
So sparklingly its glances fall,
  That we might almost deem
It had imprisoned in its depths
  The diamond's brilliant gleam.

There 's mischief in the deep black eye,
  There 's danger lurking there,

And ye must shun its witchery
  Who have a heart to spare;
You may not meet unscathed and free
  The lightning of its glance;
Beneath the whole artillery
  Of blue, thou 'st better chance.

BLUE EYES.

There is a spell, a magic spell,
  In the sweet eye of blue—
You feel its influence when it sheds
  Its gentle light on you;—
And you had rather win the smile
  That dwells in sweetness there,
Than claim the brightest diadem
  A monarch's crown may bear.

A brilliant intellect may speak
  In the dark, flashing eye,
Telling of deep and noble thought,
  Of mind's supremacy;
But truth, and trustfulness, and love,
  Live in the eye of blue;
It's language you can safely trust,
  For it is ever true.

The sweetest charm that beauty wears—
  A gentle heart and kind,
Where deep, firm principles are fixed,
  Where pure thoughts are enshrined,
Where charity hath found a home,
  And friendship firm and true—
Dwells in the calm and quiet eye
  Of deep, confiding blue.

GRAY EYES.

Let others sing of sweet blue eyes,
  Their witchery and light;
Or laud the black eyes' flashing glance
  Where wit and mirth unite;
And let them tell how hearts have bowed
  Beneath their magic smile,
Till men have scarcely dared to meet
  Their influence the while.

There is a witchery I deem
  More to be feared than they;
It is the quiet light within
  The eye of sober gray.
There is a spell more potent far
  Than beauty can impart,

The guaranty of truth within
  A good and gentle heart.

It may not, like the eye of blue,
  Dissolve in tenderness,
But there 's a magic in its depths
  Ye may not fear the less;
All well and safely thou mayst meet
  The storm of glances bright,
But thou 'lt capitulate beneath
  The gray eyes' steady light.

WEST BLOOMFIELD, N. Y.

[Published in the Philadelphia *Saturday Courier*, 1844.

DUTY.*

'Tis a harsh word, and he whose heart would
heed
Its promptings in the daily walk of life;
Who squares each action by its cold, stern rule;
Who waits its dictate to extend the hand
Of gentle charity, and turns to weigh
The right and justice of each little act
Of kindness shed around; who treads the way
Of life, and lives amid the routine of
His daily cares, untaught by the quick thrill
Of the warm, gushing heart, uninfluenced by
The love that binds us fast to all that is
Our own—hath but a weary part upon
The theatre of life.

Duty is a
Deep principle, and should exist to nerve
The spirit when the heart would waver in
Its choice, or fain would turn at mercy's call
Aside the claim of justice. It should be

* An essay read before the West Bloomfield Teachers' Association 1845.

A stern, unsparing monitor, that, like
The stem, 'round which the ivy has entwined,
Exists a firm support amid the rich,
Green covering of beauty, all unseen,
Till when the sweeping blast, or wintry frost,
Hath torn its bright frail dress away, and left
It in its place, unlovely save in its
Unshaken strength. So duty should remain
Strong and unwavering in the heart.
But ah, its office should not be to
Awake us to the gentle offices
Of life—pity and kindness, charity
And love, the ivy of the human mind,
Should throw their freshness 'round our hearts
and leave
In all life's good and generous acts no place
Where duty can assert her claim. Her task
Should be to aid the sterner virtues, not
To prompt us in the way of gentleness and
peace.

Whene'er we turn our eyes along
Life's varied course; when 'er we pause to mark
The traveler through its busy maze, we find
That though the way may seem all bright and
clear,
There still are clouds. When e 'er we look at the

Recesses of the human heart; whene'er
We glance within its hidden springs, we find
It with its own peculiar cares. Life with
Its thousand paths has thorns enough for all,
And it is love, not duty, that will guide
The heart unweariedly along.

See how
The proud aspirant after fame, toiling
To gain her wealth, hath cast aside the cup
Of ease and gives the vigor of his youth
To climb the steep ascent. See how he tasks
His energies to grasp the powerful thought;
To match the noble intellect; to reach
A high and lofty eminence, and win
A deathless name. Is it alone that he
May gain the plaudits of a world, and write
His own memorial upon the chart
Of fame, that he thus toils and strives till care
Sets on his youthful brow the stamp of age?
No; it is that he loves the path he treads,
Delights to combat in the war of mind,
To mingle in the noise and tumult of
The world. Excitement is the stimulus
That bears him on, and laurel wreaths to him
Are but the sequence that must follow in
The course of his success.

Behold where turns
The mother with her petty household cares.
Day after day brings 'round to her the same
Monotony of toil. Week after week
She treads the same dull routine o'er—yet treads
It cheerfully. Her happiness is there.
Love is her sunshine, and its light is shed
To gild her daily tasks. Is duty's aid
Called in to teach her heart its lesson? Nay;
Happier influences, and sweeter ties,
And nobler principles, are there to call
Upon her sympathies, and cover o'er
The cold demands of duty.

Everywhere—
Behind the counter, at the couch of pain,
Amid the laborer's daily toil, in all
The various avocations of our lives—
We still must learn to feel an interest in
Our own appropriate sphere of action. We
Must shed the ardor of the heart around
The way we travel. Oh, it were a sad
And weary pilgrimage, to pass along
The fickle path of life and strive to act
A worthy, reputable part in its
Great drama, if we had no light save that
From duty's lamp.

Each part of earth is fraught
With cares and trials, and they will come up
In forms of duties, till we learn to love
Their discharge. Every course of life presents
Its barrier of evil, that acquaintance must
O'ercome. Mark out whatever road we may,
Objections will arise, that melt away
Beneath the power of habit. Though it may
Be ours to tread, not the most sunny way
Of life perchance; though we may find that there
Are hard, stern trials in the Teacher's path—
Yet we must learn to love our duties ere
We can discharge the trust committed to
Our hands. Ours is no easy task, and we
Can not perform with faithfulness and zeal
The first of our requirements, if our hearts
Are not enlisted in our work. Oh, it
Is not an idle thing to have the heart
Of childhood given you to mold for good
Or ill; to feel that it may rest with you
To shed an influence on the yielding mind
That will endure through all its after-life,
To know that you have power to waken and
Direct the kind and gentle feelings; to
Instil just principles, and lead the heart
To seek the noble ends of life; or, failing in
All this, know that it may be yours to give

A bias that may lead it far away
From truth and virtue—that may place a blot
On the fair page of mind, which will remain
To cast a shadow o'er the character
Of future manhood. We must act our part
With trust, knowing that all we can do is
But duty, all we leave undone, a wrong.

EARLY IMPRESSIONS.*

Who does not love to hear an aged friend
  Tell of past times; to listen to the tale
Where bravery of our reverenced father blend
  With notes of victory, or with sorrow's wail?

Oh, I have sat for hours with such an one,
  And, resting on her lap, have heard her tell
The deeds of courage by those brave men done,
  Who, fighting in the cause of freedom, fell.

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*Among the New Hampshire Militia that had been hastily collected to go to the defense of the military stores at Bennington, was Daniel Ashley, Jr., of Winchester. The family consisted of the elder Ashley, a man of about sixty-six years, his son Daniel and wife, and their small children, (of whom my mother was one), and two grown daughters. The father insisted upon going in his son's stead. His arguments, that Daniel could be of more use in the harvest, while he, having had experience in the French and Indian war fifteen years before, would be a better soldier. I have often listened to the story of how a man came riding into the town one night with news of Baum's approach. How the daughters and women were set at once to work, running bullets and scraping lint. The aged father left in the early morning with his gun and ammunition.

These stories of the Revolution and the battles for freedom, are as fresh to me as those of our late sad war are to the present generation, and I prefer to think of that day when brothers of the North and South marched side by side, and to forget the cloud of recent date.

And I have shed, while but a child, the tear,
  The bitter tear of anguish for their death;
I little knew how much to prize the dear,
  The precious boon they purchased with their breath.

How well I loved fair Freedom's cause, although
  I scarcely knew the meaning of the word,
And my young heart a patriotic glow
  Has felt enkindled by the tale I heard.

So easily can those we love impart
  To childhood's mind impressions that will last,
That, though erroneous, cling around the heart
  Till life with all its varied scenes is past.

Ever throughout the busy maze of life,
  Though after-thoughts and after-scenes have fled,
'Mid all its cares, its bustle, and its strife,
  Is the sweet influence of those lessons shed.

And oh, how closely do we cherish still,
  Perchance against our judgment and the truth,

With a strange love, whate'er had power to thrill
Our infant minds, or charm our early youth.

So it is yet with me—upon my mind
No thoughts, no feelings, have been left so deep
As those engendered by the influence kind
Of one in childhood I was called to weep.

They wondered that I felt so lonely when
That friend by death had passed from earth away;
They knew not that her lessons even then
Had wakened feelings that would ever stay.

E'en yet I call them back again, and deem
I hear once more the silvery tones that fell
So sweetly on mine ear, and still I seem
To hear the voice I loved so dearly well.

Oft has she told the tale of humble worth,
That found no place on history's proud page;
Though it had helped to give our country birth,
And shed a glory o'er each after age.

Of one she spoke, like thousands called to leave
His humble home and those he loved, and go

Forth to the field of war, its toils to brave,
  And meet in deadly strife his country's foe.

And he had gone without a murmur there,
  Trusting his God's almighty hand to shield
Those that he left, but for a father's prayer
  Beseeching in his stead the dangerous field.

And did he yield, and let that father meet
  That danger his own heart could never brave?
He yielded—but no selfish thought had weight,
  The father's life he would have died to save.

Yet others claimed his care—those that were dear
  Alike to father and to son the same;
And next their country—duty pointed clear—
  Theirs was the highest and the holiest claim.

But 't is enough to know the father went,
  Proud in his age to meet again the foe,
Deeming the remnant of his life well spent
  Striking for Freedom's sacred cause the blow.

And he went forth when Freedom's every son
  Was loudly called to take, against the brave

And gallant Baum, the field of Bennington,
  Her ammunition and her stores to save.

How many brave and honest hearts that beat
  With noblest impulse at the break of day,
Ere night were resting in a dreamless sleep,
  Low and inanimate, the house of clay.

He too who left his peaceful home to go,
  And in another's place to risk his life;
In death's embrace was slumbering cold and low,
  But not upon the fatal field of strife.

For he had reached his home, and there had died
  A willing martyr to his country's good,
Adding one other to the list beside,
  Who gladly shed for liberty their blood.

And this is why e'en yet I find no place
  That speaks of battle and of vict'ry won,
On history's page, that I so love to trace,
  As where it tells of blood-bought Bennington.

Oh, may the country that our fathers gave
  Their lives to purchase still be Freedom's shrine,

Her rights protected by the virtuous brave,
Her liberties still clearly, brightly shine.

Graduating Composition at Lima Seminary, 1841. Written by request of Mrs. Prof. Segar. Published in the Philadelphia *Saturday Courier*.

FOR A BROTHER.

You asked, if I could bring to thee
One only gift, what it should be.

I would not ask Renown's loud trump
  To sound thy praise afar,
A conqueror whose name was won
  By misery and war.

I would not ask that Fortune's smile
  Might ever on thee shine,
And shed around her golden store—
  A better wish were mine.

I would not twine the laurel wreath
  Of Fame around thy brow;
I might be prouder but, I fear,
  Should love thee less than now.

Perhaps, dear brother, thou wilt deem
  My simple wish unkind,
And think a sister's earnest love
  A nobler one might find.

But could I win earth's richest boon,
  Were her best treasure mine,
I 'd only ask that, bright as now,
  Thy virtuous name might shine.

I 'd ask that thou might never know,
  Nor act a vicious part—
Edward, I 'd wish that thou mightst be
  Ever what now thou art.

AUGUST 9, 1840.

I CAN NOT LOVE.

I can not love the man of gold,
  Unless his mind is rich as well;
Nor him whose name is widely told,
  Save virtue in his heart may dwell.
For what is gold? 'T is worthless pelf,
  Compared with mind's rich, priceless store,
And he whose love clings to himself,
  Seeks but for fame—nor wishes more.

I can not love the man whose mind
  Is subject to another's will;
Although his heart is good and kind—
  The friend of virtuous actions—still
He is the slave of those who shed
  A dark 'ning influence o 'er his way;
Against his better judgment led,
  To vice and wickedness a prey.

I can not love the man who seeks
  In fashion's giddy whirl to shine;
Whose tongue unmeaning flattery speaks,
  Who worships at the world's vain shrine.

Nor him whose heart is callous still
  To human sorrow and distress;
Whose breast no pitying feelings fill
  Whose name no sufferers ever bless.

I can not love the man who speaks,
  With impious lips, his Maker's name,
Who scorns God's holy word, nor seeks
  To fan religion's sacred flame.
Who owns no principle of right,
  Save what his country's laws embrace;
Who views, as dark oblivion's night,
  The grave—man's final resting-place.

WEST BLOOMFIELD, N. Y.

[Published in the Philadelphia *Saturday Courier*, 1838 or '39.

BUNKER HILL.*

There came a bold and fearless band
  From England's persecuting soil;
And far upon a distant strand,
  'Mid dangers, want, privation, toil,
The weak and infant colony,
  Uncared for by the parent State,
Grew in unshaken loyalty
  Into a nation proud and great.
Till, when the parent hand would press
  The child it never helped to rear,
And duty bade them to redress
  Wrongs their proud natures might not bear.
In manhood's ripened strength they broke
  The chain that bound them from their birth,
And in majestic firmness took
  A place among the powers of earth.
But dark the struggle; and my lay
  Would dwell not on the lengthened strife,

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* Written during a visit to Boston, at which time (1844) Bunker Hill Monument was completed. This paper was read at a Fourth of July celebration held in Lima, New York, but was never published.

But choose its subject where the day
  Was first with din of battle rife.

JUNE 17, 1775.

The sword had been unsheathed, the power
  That bore them down had been defied;
And now had come the fearful hour,
  When deep through fields with crimson dyed
'T was theirs to press their way, or bow
  In base-born slavery more low,
And wear more galling chains than now.
  Oh, 't was not in that hardy race,
Who trod upon New England's sod,
  To bow in terror and disgrace
Beneath oppression's iron rod.
  Fired by an Adams, Hancock, Paine,
Led on by Prescott to the field,
  It was not theirs to sheath again
The sword, nor save in death to yield.
  Upon the brow of Bunker Hill
Was the first battle for the free;
  And dearly art thou cherished still,
Thou pioneer of liberty.
  Oh, gallant hearts beat proudly then,
And brave men fought upon thy soil;
  And rich blood dyed thy summit, when

Brave Warren fell amid the toil.
  When, in the conflict of the day,
The noble soul of Gardner fled,
  And Moore, McCreary, Parker, lay
Among the honorable dead.
  Nor they alone—the crimson tide
Upon the greensward fell like rain;
  And freemen slumbered side by side
With foes, among the heaps of slain.
  Still there were manly spirits left
To fight and bleed for Liberty.
  Freedom, thou wert not all bereft
While Starks and Putnams lived for thee.

JUNE 17, 1825.

Now years a semi-century
  Have fled away, and bright and clear
Hath dawned the consecrated day
  That every freeman holds most dear.
Again the cannon's roar hath broke
  The stillness of the early day,
And thousands have 'mid blessings woke
  To hail the anniversary.
And he, the patriot from afar,
  Who left his own bright, sunny land
To mingle in the tide of war,

With those whose names in brightness stand,
Honored and blest upon the scroll
That tells the honors we have won,
And where in pride we can enroll
The glorious name of Washington,
Hath come again, when age hath set
His signet on the noble brow,
And with the patriots lingering yet
He stands in pride among us now,
To place upon the hallowed land,
With holiest memories endued,
A fabric that shall ever stand
An emblem of our gratitude.
When untold years have come and gone,
May children's children not forget
The corner-stone of Bunker Hill's
Tall spire was laid by La Fayette.
Oh, let it rise until the day
Shall gild its summit bright and fair;
And let the sun's last setting ray
In sweetest beauty linger there.

JUNE 17, 1844.

And now the monument is done,
And we have met to consecrate
This monument of Bunker Hill,

Reared by a nation proud and great—
The third great era of the Hill—
Have gathered here a mighty crowd,
And some are standing with us still
Who fought 'mid din of battle loud;
Who grandly saw the noble one
(Resting afar in death's repose)
In triumph place the corner-stone
On which the mighty fabric rose.
Long, long, in glory may it stand,
This pile with richest memory fraught;
A strong memorial that the land
Is worth the price at which 't was bought.

THE SECOND MARRIAGE.

Oh, it is strange, when every heart
  Is buoyant with delight,
That mine alone should feel the load
  Of agony to-night;
That I, of all the throng should turn
  To memory of the past,
And dwell upon a happiness
  Too bright and blest to last.

A few, few years ago there stood
  A sweet girl by my side,
In all her gentle loveliness—
  My own, my cherished bride;
And they are here who pressed the kiss
  Upon her fair young brow;
Have they forgotten that she sleeps
  Within the cold earth now?

And do they think that I can cast
  Her memory apart,
And take, without a deep, deep pang,
  Another to my heart?

It may not be—I would not wrong
  The one who comes to throw
The light of happiness and love
  Around my path below.

But there was one who won my love
  In the warm flush of youth,
Who cheered my home for many years
  With woman's love and truth.
She sleeps the dreamless sleep of death;
  And they would bid me claim
Another mother for her child,
  To share my home and name.

'T is right. My little nestling needs
  A guiding hand; and I—
I feel my utter loneliness,
  As time drags slowly by.
There is no light around my hearth,
  No sunshine in my heart;
And life—oh, life hath been to me
  A sad and weary part.

I offered but a widow'd heart;
  I told her all—how dear
And desolate had been the home
  It would be hers to cheer;

That all the loved and lost had been
  It would be hers to be—
The light of happiness and hope,
  The loved to mine and me.

[Published (I think) in the Philadelphia *Saturday Courier* 1846.

TO MY SISTER.

I love thee, Sister; and I wish
  That thy frail bark might sweetly glide
Upon life's ever-changing sea,
  Borne by a smooth and even tide.

I wish—but ah, I know 't is vain—
  That thy light heart and fair, bright brow
Might ever, while on earth, remain
  As free from anxious care as now.

Oh, could a sister's wishes guide
  Thee onward o 'er life's fickle sea,
Securely should thy shallop glide
  From every storm and danger free.

It may not be—it is the lot
  Of mortals while on earth, to meet
Mixed in each cup of life the drop
  Of bitter mingled with the sweet.

Then, Sister, early learn to bear
  With resignation every ill;

Look cheerfully on life, and keep
Thy faith in God unbroken still.

WEST BLOOMFIELD, May 11, 1837.

[Published in *Honeoye Standard*.

ON A BIRTH-DAY.*

Take the wager—thou hast won;
  Gladly do I give it thee,
May it speak in time to come
  Of our early infancy;
Take it, it will bring thee back,
  To thy childhood's happy day,
When no shade hung o'er life's track,
  When no cloud obscured life's day,
When all joyously and bright
Beat thy heart with glad delight.

Take it, Brother—and when age
  Writes his form upon thy brow,
May I find upon the page
  Of thy heart such love as now;
Take it, and if sorrow's night
  Cause thy sister's heart to grieve,
If her hopes receive a blight,
  If all other friends deceive,

---

* Lines to a brother, with a wager laid in childhood and won on his twenty-fifth birth-day.

Still to thee her faith will cling
In the hour of suffering.

Take the token—let it tell
  To thee in thy after years
Of one heart that loves thee well—
  One that knows not doubts and fears;
Take it; should mistrust and doubt
  Ever settle o'er thy way,
Should thy brightest hopes go out,
  Should thy fairest dreams decay,
Seek that love 'mid toil and care—
Thou wilt find a welcome there.

BOSTON.

[Published in the *Olive Branch*, Boston, 1843.

WHEN ARE WE HAPPIEST?

In childhood we are happiest,
  By a fond mother's side,
Whose gentle tones, so sweet and blessed,
  Our infant footsteps guide.
Oh, what a pure and guileless hour,
Beneath a mother's fost'ring power;
To learn to tread in virtue's path,
No joy like this the cold earth hath.
If, if there is a light from heaven,
Unto our earthly pathway given,
It sheds its bright and hallowed ray
Around our childhood's early day.

In youth we 're happiest, when the smile
  Of love beams brightly o'er us;
Lighting with golden dreams the while,
  Each future scene before us.
Oh, what have we to do with care,
While brightly glows the prospect there!
The dull, cold things of earth will seem,
As through its medium bright them gleam,
Like fairy pictures, and its ray

Lights the dark vista far away,
Till life in fairest garb is drest,
And all looks pure, and bright, and blest.

In age, then are we happiest?
  When, with retrospective eye,
The years that ne'er may come again,
  Spread out before us lie.
And oh, how vain each scene appears,
That once awoke our hopes and fears,
As from their trivial worth we turn
To coming death, and meekly learn
The lesson, that no mortal power
Can shed such luster o'er that hour
As the blest faith, by which the eye
Views coming immortality!

BOSTON, October, 1843.

THE BOY'S COMPLAINT.*

"Oh, never mind, they 're only boys;"
  'T is thus the people say;
And they hustle us and jostle us,
  And drive us out the way.

They never give us half our rights—
  I know that this is so;
Ain 't I a boy? And can 't I see
  The way that these things go?

The little girls are petted all,
  Called "Honey," "Dear," and "Sweet;"
But boys are cuffed at home and school,
  And knocked about the street.

My sister has her rags and dolls
  Strewn all about the floor,
While old dog Growler dare not put
  His nose inside the door.

And if I go upon the porch
  In hopes to have a play,

* Spoken at an exhibition by Master Johnny Lloyd.

Some one calls out, "Hallo, young chap;
  Take that noisy dog away."

My hoop is used to kindle fire,
  My ball is thrown aside;
And mother lets the baby have
  My top, because she cried.

If company should come at night,
  The boys can't sit up late;
And if they come to dinner, then
  The boys will have to wait.

If anything is badly cooked,
  It falls to us, no doubt;
And if the cake or pudding's short,
  We have to go without.

If there are fireworks, we can't get
  A place to see at all;
And when the soldiers come along,
  We're crowded to the wall.

And when we spend our only dime
  For a show or other sight,
We're driven to a corner where
  We can not see a mite.

Whoever wants an errand done,
  We always have to scud;
Whoever wants the sidewalk, we
  Are crowded in the mud.

'T is hurry-scurry, here and there,
  Without a moment's rest,
And we scarcely get a "Thank ye," if
  We do our very best.

But never mind, boys—we will be
  The *grown men* by and by;
Then I suppose 't will be our turn
  To snub the smaller fry.

PETERSBURG, Ky.

[Published in Moore's *Rural New Yorker*, about 1859.

THE HOUSEHOLD TREE.

They grew around one household tree,
  Fair blossoms on a noble stem;
And earthly sunshine, warm and free,
  Fell in a flood of light o'er them—
A father's brow that scarcely bore
  The furrow mark of care;
A mother's deep and earnest love,
  And happy smile were there.

And there were two tall forms that stood
  Arrayed in manhood's pride,
While gently budding womanhood
  Grew sweetly by their side.
Fair flowers upon a parent stalk,
  They dwelt in gladness there;
Life in its early morning light
  Seemed beautiful and fair.

One went out from among them,
  A fair and lovely bride,
To cling around another stem
  Whatever might betide;

She left for aye the shelter
  Of the old household tree,
To stand unaided and alone
  In woman's dignity.

The youngest and the loveliest
  Of all that household band,
Was laid within the still, cold grave,
  By death's unsparing hand;
They pressed the sod above her brow,
  And turned away to feel
A void was by the happy hearth,
  That time might never heal.

One brother found a fearful doom
  Amid old Ocean's surge;
The mad waves built for him a tomb,
  The wild winds sung his dirge.
The noblest, proudest branch that grew
  Upon the household tree,
Went in his manhood's strength to sleep
  Beneath the deep blue sea.

I can not trace the downward course
  One erring brother trod;
For he forgot his happy home,
  Forgot himself—his God.

And brought a deeper, darker woe
  Upon his father's head,
Than if stern death had laid him low
  Among the early dead.

The weary mother folded up
  Her hands one summer night,
And calmly from the darkened home
  Passed into upper light.
The Household Tree is all bereft,
  No verdure now is there;
The firm old trunk alone is left,
  But oh, how scathed and bare!

NUNDA VALLEY, N. Y.

[Published in the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post*, 1847.

THE DYING FATHER'S CHARGE.

Wilt thou remember—oh, wilt thou,
  My fair boy, e'er forget
The mother's holy influence
  That lingers round thee yet?
And wilt thou not, when manhood sets
  His seal upon thy brow,
Remember still the father's love
  That shines upon thee now?

My boy, the hand that feebly rests
  In blessings on thy head,
Will soon, ah, far too soon for thee,
  Lie mouldering with the dead.
Then thou, my son, thou wilt be left
  In this wide world alone,
Thy mother's fervent tenderness—
  Thy father's love—both gone.

Thy mother—child, thou wert so young
  When she was called away,
I fear much that her influence
  With thee will never stay.

And yet it can not but abide,
  For it is hers the smile
That shines so sweetly on thy lip,
  And lights thine eye thee while.

And are not hers the silvery tones
  That fall to cheer and bless?
And hers the gentle heart that beats
  With love and truthfulness?
Is not her spirit written forth
  Upon thy cherub brow?
Thou *must* be pure and lovely, for
  Thou art so like her now.

Far better could I leave thee here
  Wert thou of sterner mould;
For boy, thou art too frail a thing
  To stem a world so cold.
Yet He who guards the fatherless,
  And hears the orphan's cry,
Will guide thee safe from every snare,
  To worlds of light on high.

[Published in *Messenger*, Buffalo, N. Y., about 1845.

A MOTHER'S GRIEF.*

I saw a mother as she stood beside
The death-bed of her first-born, only son;
I marked her speechless anguish as she gazed
Into his fading eye; I heard her shriek
Of agony, when the last sigh was o'er,
And the pure spirit of her fair, bright babe
Had winged its flight from earth, and oh! I thought
That poor young mother tasted then
Sorrow's most bitter cup.

I saw another.
On her aged brow sorrow, and care, and want
Had left their impress. She had struggled hard,
Had meekly borne hardship and poverty,
Had bowed in pious resignation to
The chast'nings of her God. Prop after prop
Had been removed, till all save one—a good
And generous boy—were gone. Him she had reared

* Written for a school examination at West Bloomfield, in 1837 School taught by Prof. — — Snow. Published in *Honeoye Standard.*

To be her comfort and support. And well
He merited the tender mother's love
And confidence. Noble he was, and good,
And he was rising fast and justly in
The world's esteem. But death had marked him, and
I saw him borne to his last resting-place,
And laid in the cold earth amid the dead.
I gazed on that poor mother, now bereft
Of all, and thought, surely no mother's heart
Can ever know sorrow more deep than this.

One other yet I saw—a mother as
She knelt beside the corpse of one who 'd been
Her joy and pride; one she had watched with all
A mother's love, tended with all her care,
Guarded with all her anxiousness, and loved
With all her fervency. Cloudless and fair
Had dawned the morn of his existence. Clear,
And bright, and promising, his youth had been,
And her glad hopes had looked onward to years
Of cloudless bliss, when he, her fond heart's pride,
Would tread in honor's path; when he would rise
Preëminently great, and stand on Fame's

High pinnacle—his country's glory and
The nation's pride. Oh, how her hopes were
crushed!
Not by the hand of death. It was almost relief
To see him lying dead, for long that son
Had been the dread and terror of her life.
His manhood answered not the promise of
His youth, for he had turned from virtue's path
And sunk to lowest depths of vice. Oh, this
Was sorrow, this was agony, to look
Upon him now and know that one so fair,
So nobly gifted, and who might have been
So virtuously great, 'one who had all—
Fortune, friends, talents—all that man could
have
To cheer and urge him onward in the path
To eminence, and help him reach the goal
Of human greatness; that he should so throw
Them all aside, and seek the gambler's den,
The bacchanalian revel; that he should sink
Down, down to level of the beasts, and die
A drunkard's awful death. I looked upon
That mother as she knelt, and oh, I knew
Compared with hers all other griefs were tame.

WEST BLOOMFIELD, 1837.

WORK GOES WRONG.*

Weary, weary, household work,
  How I hate your endless store,
Treading ever day by day
  Still the same dull pathway o'er.
Sweeping, dusting, ironing, mending,
All well spiced with baby tending;
Roasting coffee, dressing fishes,
Laying tables, washing dishes,
Canning, pickling and preserving,
Is the routine that we serve in.
Oh, a toilsome, weary life
Of it has the poor housewife!
Rising oft before the sun,
Working till the day is done;
Scarcely is the breakfast through,
Dinner thrusts its claims on you,
And there's little rest, I ween,
Breakfast, dinner, tea, between.

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* "Our correspondent, Mrs. S. W. Lloyd, gives us an amusing picture of a household where 'Work Goes Wrong.' Will she at some future time give us also a picture of a household where 'Work Goes Right'?"

If it ever chance that you
Think a "picked up meal" will do,
Just as surely there will be
Unexpected company.
If perchance you wish to look
In a paper or a book,
To refresh a little bit
Your remembrance or your wit,
Bump! there goes a baby's head—
Charley 's fallen off the bed;
Should you steal a little time
Just to put a thought in rhyme,
Letting all the housework go
Maybe for an hour or so,
Long before your musing 's o'er,
There 's a hand upon the door,
And you read in husband's face,
"This is sadly out of place."
Turning from his chiding eye,
What confusion you descry—
Every drawer 's opened wide,
All the contents are outside,
One could scarcely cross the floor
'T is so littered o'er and o'er.
Dick has gone you know not where,
Charley sleeps beside a chair,
Tired of mischief, tired of fun,

Resting, now his work is done;
You have not a word to say,
But you wipe a tear away,
Silently resolving there
Never more to steal from care
While you lead the three-fold life,
Kitchen, nursery-maid and wife.

[Written for Moore's *Rural New Yorker*, about 1859.

LINES TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

(W. W. DICKERSON.)

Life is all before thee now,
  With its paths of good and ill,
And it rests with thee to bow
  Meanly, basely, lingering still
In its lowly way, or claim
For thyself a glorious name.
In this country of the free,
All is open unto thee;
It is thine to press thy way
Where earth's proudest honors lay;
Thine to stand in manhood's pride,
With the noblest, side by side.
Rouse thee, rouse thee to the fight!
Battle bravely in the right!
Nobly combat, boldly dare,
Calmly suffer, firmly bear.
Proudly, on the chart of fame,
Write a good and glorious name.

CRITTENDEN, 1877.

DOLLY VARDEN.*

Everything that 's strange and new,
All the realm of Fashion through,
Everything unique and queer,—
Every caprice of the year,
Every form, and shape, and folly,
Takes the name of Varden, Dolly.

Who was Dolly Varden, pray?
  Was she maiden? Was she wife?
Shade of Dickens, tell us—say,
  Had she here a real life?
Or was she creature of thine own
To the realm of fiction known?

Had she lived a dozen lives,
Been a dozen maidens, wives,
Still to us she could not be
More of a reality,

---

* "Something for the Society Paper, please," said Davie, one morning; "not a single rhyme in it." So I wrote her "Lines to a Young Friend" (Worth Dickerson), and then utilized the jaunty little Dolly Varden hat she wore for another rhyme. (See p. 79.)

Representing to our minds
Fashion with her quaint designs.

But the cutest thing is that
Little Dolly Varden hat,
With a button here and there,
Set upon a mass of hair,
And as bright a face below
As you 'd ever care to know.

CRITTENDEN, Ky., 1877.

[Written for Miss Davie Lindsay (now Mrs. Thomas Worcester, of Cincinnati, O.), of Crittenden, Ky., during the Dolly Varden dress craze.

DO ALL THE GOOD YOU CAN.

Do all the good you can in life—
  'T is little at the best;
Still do whatever good you can,
  And leave with God the rest.

But wait not till some noble work
  Is given you to do;
Large opportunities of good
  Are offered to but few;

While, all along the way of life,
  Small acts of kindness shown
Will make a mighty aggregate,
  Whose sum can scarce be known.

Just as the little flowers that spring
  By hundreds 'round your feet,
Spread beauty all about, and fill
  The air with perfume sweet;

So the small charities of life—
  A word, a tear, a smile—

Will throw a sunlight o'er some path,
  Or cheer some heart the while.

Then do whatever good you can,
  To the lowliest as the best;
Do whatever good you can,
  And leave with God the rest.

FLORENCE, Ky., 1864.

I WISH THAT I WERE LIZZIE.

"I wish that I were Lizzie;
  For Lizzie's eyes are bright,
Her cheeks are like red roses,
  Her brow is lily white,
And all about her shoulders
  The soft brown ringlets twine—
Oh, Ma, I can not help but wish
  That Lizzie's charms were mine.

"Then Lizzie has a rich papa,
  And pets and playthings rare;
A little pony of her own,
  And gayest clothes to wear.
She has a crying dolly,
  And toy books without end,
Beside, she has a hundred friends
  Who do n't forget to send.

"But I am very ugly;
  My figure has no grace,
My hair is red, my eyes are dull,
  And there 's freckles on my face

I have to wear a plain print dress,
  And all the girls in town
Know that you alter sister 's o 'er
  To make my Sunday gown."

But Georgie did n't know how well
  We loved her freckled face,
She did not guess how welcome 't was
  At every time and place.
She had not learned, a loving heart
  It 's own rich harvest brought,
And she was not by any means
  As ugly as she thought.

When Georgiana went one day
  To see her friend again,
She found her lying on the bed
  Suffering, and in pain.
And as she placed her trembling hand
  On Lizzie's burning brow,
She thought, "I 'm sure I do not wish
  That I were Lizze now."

Then o 'er her gentle, childish heart,
  Quick thoughts went rushing by,
She did not dream how much they bore
  Of sound philosophy—

Thoughts that her parents were as kind,
  Her step as light and free,
Her dress as neat, her home as dear,
  As any girl's could be.

And thoughts that riches could not save
  From sufferings and distress,
Nor make a pleasant friend the more,
  An anxious hour the less,
And Georgia learned a lesson then,
  A priceless lesson 't is;
To be content, nor wish that she
  Were other than she is.

BURLINGTON, KY, 1854.

MY DARLINGS.

I 've a darling little baby,
  Just four months old to-day,
And the love I bear my sweet one,
  I have never words to say.

I have looked into his blue eye,
  And held him to my heart,
Till the gush of holy feeling
  Took almost a painful part.

Two precious household treasures—
  Two little boys are mine;
And oh, how all life's fondest hopes
  Around my loved ones twine.

But deep within my heart there lies
  A cherished memory,
That speaks from out the churchyard
  In a warning voice to me.

Six years, almost, dear Callie
  Made the sunlight of our way,

And then with tears we placed her
  Where the cold dead sleeping lay.

I would heed the solemn lesson
  That to my heart is given;
My dear ones may be only lent
  A little while from heaven.

But I can not check affections,
  Strong as a mother's are;
If God send this great affliction,
  He will give me strength to bear.

WEST BLOOMFIELD, N. Y.

[Published in Moore's *Rural New Yorker*, 1853.

A SKETCH.

All along the woodland path to school, the early spring flowers blossomed. Before the snow-banks had left the shelter of the overhanging rocks, the liverwort (hepatica) had sprang up with its delicate and many colored petals, decking some sunny knoll, and from the time our eager eyes caught sight of the first blossom, our hands seldom went empty to school. Oh, how memory loves to linger, 'round those early school-days. How I love to trace the history of those school-companions! How I love to recall some event, trifling in itself, and only worthy to be remembered, because of its awakening some dormant power of the mind, or of impressing some great truth upon the heart. Such a memory lingers around little Willie Vance. Willie was the only son in a family of seven, and a natural feebleness of constitution had made him an object of the tenderest care, not only to the parents, but alsoto the sisters who accompanied him to school. The two sisters—Willie was in age between them—

were chubby, rosy-cheeked, red-haired children. Willie was delicate, with clear, almost transparent complexion, and jet black hair. Very timid in disposition and gentle in manners, he was greatly endeared to us all. I can recall him now, with his pale cheeks, sweet blue eyes and soft black hair, and experiences tell me—though I did not know it then—that our little playmate was one of those pure spirits who are lent a little while to earth—that the parents of Willie Vance "entertained an angel unawares."

Spring had come—flowers filled our hands and our baskets, and thousands were left ungathered beside our path. Willie was passionately fond of flowers, and one noon-time we found him lying on a sunny bank where violets grew. He said that he was sick. His sister Margaret led him to the school-room, where our aprons and sunbonnets made him a bed. All afternoon he slept, while a bright red spot burned in either cheek. At night we literally carried him a mile and a half to his home, and many of us never saw him again. One week from that day he was taken to the village churchyard, where his grave is now lost among the thousand name-

less ones within its precinct. Well as if it were yesterday, do I remember every particular of that humble burial. The village hearse, with the little coffin; the spring,-wagon with the stricken parents and almost broken-hearted sisters; the three other vehicles, filled with sympathizing neighbors, and a few men on foot. As the procession neared the old school-house, our teacher said, "They are carrying poor Willie to his grave; you can all go to the door;" and under her direction we ranged ourselves in silence on either side the road, for the procession to pass through our ranks. Tearfully we watched till all were out of sight; then we entered the house to listen to a few words, fitly spoken, and to be quietly dismissed. How vividly it all comes back to me—the teacher, the children, the old school-house — because then for the first time the reality of death impressed itself upon my mind.

That evening I met Margaret Vance, and would have passed her by without speaking—for childhood has a strange awe of grief—but she caught my hand. "You have been to school to-day, Sophy?" "Yes," I said. "Ah, how does it look there without Willie?"

Poor Margaret! Everything was changed "without Willie."

Often and often those simple childish words come back to me, for in the pathway of our lives we have often to grow familiar with a vacant place. We who then stood before that school-house door are, oh! how changed! Many are sleeping with Willie the sleep of death. Others have learned, each in a different way, the lessons of life. We have known how sad it is to grieve for dear ones laid away. Again and again our teacher has been stricken—aye, her hearth is left desolate. In the churchyard four graves tell the story of her household. A little while ago, in a last visit to my old home-land, I visited her. An empty crib in the chamber where I slept; a high chair away in a corner; the portrait of a lovely child; the miniature of a sweet young girl which she put into my hand as she turned away in speechless sorrow—these told the tale of her bereavement. I thought of Willie Vance—of the few words she had spoken years before, "You will all know what it is to weep for those you love—you will all one day die, too;" but I did not recall them to her memory. She has

long ago forgotten them, and she little dreams how faithfully they have been cherished in my own heart.

GOD GIVETH TO ALL ARIGHT.

Young Norah sat at her cottage door
  On an afternoon in May,
Her baby crept on the soft greensward,
  And her little boy was at play.

The sun had placed on the children's cheeks
  His good-night kiss, but still
He touched with gold the tall tree-tops,
  And tinted the distant hill.

The golden faded—a purple tinge
  Stole over the western sky,
The creeping baby was hushed to sleep
  By the soft winds' lullaby.

Still the mother, wrapt in gloomy thoughts,
  Unheeded the falling dew,
When the father came through the little gate,
  And sat on the threshold, too.

The young wife over his weary form
  A troubled, quick glance sent,

Then she laid her hand on her husband's arm,
  And murmured her discontent.

"I was thinking just now of your life of toil,
  And I thought of our neighbor's, too;
The days that bring only ease to him,
  Bring hardship alone to you.

"And I thought, if we only live to work,
  If our children must labor, too,
For their daily bread, it were well for all
  If this weary life were through."

"Why, Norah, your thoughts are strange and wild,
  And your heart is wrong to-night;
There's a righteous Giver above," he said,
  "Who giveth to all aright.

"I have worked to day in the rich man's field,
  I did eat in the rich man's hall;
His lands are broad, and his gold is bright,
  But my riches are worth them all.

"His lands are broad—they were freely given,
  If again on the pallid cheek

Of his beautiful, cherished, invalid wife
The roses of health might speak.

"His gold is bright—it would be to him
A source of the purest joy,
Could it buy a single germ of thought
For the mind of his idiot boy.

"Nay, Norah, the little sleeper there—
This boy that has climbed my knee—
Thy love, dear wife, and our perfect health,
Are the richest of gifts to me.

"For our hopeful future, our present good,
I 've a thankful heart to-night."
And Norah said, as she kissed her babe,
"God giveth to all aright."

[Published in Moore's *Rural New Yorker*, 1854.

YE CAN NOT BAR THE SUNLIGHT.

Ye can not bar the sunlight
  From the dwelling of the poor;
It will fall, with all its brightness,
  O 'er the humblest cottage door;
And the stars will shine as clearly,
  The moonlight softly fall
O 'er the thatched roof of the peasant,
  As o 'er the lordly hall.

Ye can not veil the landscape
  Outspread and varied still;
The shadow rests in every vale,
  The sunshine on each hill.
The mountain in its grandeur,
  The foaming cataract's fall,
The beauties of the changing year,
  Are free alike to all.

Ye can not quench the light of love
  Within the poor man's breast;
Nor rob him of the sympathy
  That makes his pathway blest,

Nor bid upon his happy hearth
  The darkened shadow fall;
Oh, the choicest gifts of heaven
  Are free alike to all.

Ye can not bar the sunlight
  Of God's approving smile;
He hears the penitential prayer,
  And answers it the while.
In poverty, if pure the heart,
  While here on earth we stay,
Are higher joys than wealth or power
  Can give or take away.

[Published in Moore's *Rural New Yorker*, 1853.

OUR HOME.

My heart is sad and lonely
  In its childhood's home to-day,
For, save my little children,
  The loved ones are away;
And, now that nestling in his bed
  Each quiet sleeper lies,
My heart is busy with the past,
  And tears are in my eyes.

I 'm thinking of the dear old time
  When all of us were young,
And when around this humble home
  Our best affections clung;
And fondly do we love it yet,
  Though many a change has come,
And we are scattered far and wide,
  Each in another home.

I 'm thinking of the dear ones laid
  To rest beneath the sod,
Who, no more mingling with us here,
  Have found a home with God—

The bright, glad little one with whom
  We were first called to part,
And she who filled the dearest place
  Within a brother's heart.

The guardian of our early years
  Is sleeping with them now,
The seal of death upon his lips,
  The cold earth o'er his brow;
My thoughts are lingering with him,
  And tears are falling fast—
Oh, many a painful memory
  Is round my old home cast.

And many a cherished blessing, too,
  Is interwoven there;
No happier children ever grew
  Beneath parental care.
Ere long our home will pass away
  To stranger hands, and we
Will have, of all it's been to us,
  Naught but a memory.

JANUARY 1, 1853.

TRACES EVERYWHERE.

There 's a little gingham dress
  Behind the cupboard door;
I can not take it down:
  'T was the last my darling wore—
The child that is an angel now,
  While the roses still were here
His little life went gently out,
  And now the frosts are near.

Underneath the pantry shelf
  A broken wagon stands;
He placed it there one day
  With his own dear little hands.
And in sweetest accent lisped,
  As he wiped a tear away,
"Let it stay there; brother said
He would mend the wheel, some day."

About the door-yard here and there
  The clustering beanvines cling,
Where he made his "little garden"
  In the time of early spring.

The changing year brings to my heart
  No thought so full of pain,
As that about my door his vines
  Can never grow again.

Still hanging in the wardrobe
  Are the frocks he used to wear;
And folded in the drawer
  His little aprons are.
His hat remains upon its nail,
  Just as it used to be—
Oh, in their old familiar place
  How many things I see!

And when, as week by week goes by,
  Each trace is wiped away,
Still cherished in our loving thoughts
  His memory will stay,
A precious and a holy thing
  To lead our hearts to Heaven,
Where, "If our own poor faith fail not,"
  He will to us be given.

FLORENCE, Ky., Nov. 1, 1867.

[Published in the *Sunday-school Standard*, Cincinnati, May 6, 1877.

THE DYING INEBRIATE.

I know the clammy dew of death
  Is gathering on my brow;
His icy hand is at my heart—
  Yes, I am dying now.
I feel the feeble lamp of life
  With me is flickering fast;
And is it thus that I must die—
  Degraded and outcast;

Without a dear, kind mother's care
  To soothe the hour of death;
Without a sister's tenderness
  To watch my closing breath;
Without a tear of agony
  Above my cold grave shed;
Without a heart to feel my loss,
  A friend to mourn me dead?

Oh, it is agony to think
  Back on my early youth,
When happiness and hope were mine,
  And innocence and truth;

Would God that I had perished then,
  Ere infamy and shame
Had broke the hearts I loved and left
  Their blot upon my name.

I have been thinking of their wrongs,
  And my dark, sinful part,
Until I almost feel to curse
  My own polluted heart;
Outcast, degraded, shunned, despised!
  Oh, that a life so fair
As mine in early promise, should
  Go out in dark despair.

WEST BLOOMFIELD, Sept., 1849.

THERE 'S THE PRINT OF LITTLE FEET.

There 's the print of little feet
  In the snow around my door,
Up, across, and down the street
  They have wandered o'er and o 'er.
Busy, active little feet,
  To and fro they go,
Making tiny graceful footprints
  In the wintry snow.

Onward in the road of life
  These dear feet will tread,
Walking sometimes in earth's sunshine—
  Sometimes storms o'er head.
But God grant that wheresoever
  They may chance to go,
They shall wander, never, never,
  'Mid haunts vile and low.

Far ahead my thoughts are running,
  Where my boy will be
In life's ever-changing drama,
  Mingling actively?

And my mother-dreams are telling,
  Moves he nobly there?
And my mother-heart is swelling
  With hopes high and fair.

But his path is wisely hidden—
  Onward, could I see,
All my fairest dreams might vanish,
  Vanish fearfully;
Others just as fondly cherished,
  Shipwrecked in life's way,
Have caused brighter hopes to perish
  Then I build to-day.

[Published in Moore's *Rural New Yorker*, 1852.

PRAY.

Pray at the early dawn—
  Oh, let thy thoughts be given,
Fresh from the pillow of thy rest,
  In gratitude to heaven.

Give, when the day be passed,
  Thanks for each mercy shown,
And ask forgiveness for each wrong
  Thy erring heart hath known.

Pray, ere tired Nature seeks
  The sleep that 's so like death;
Ask that thy Maker keep
  And guard thy feeble breath.

Pray, if thy pathway lie
  Along life's sunny side;
Ask that thy heart be kept
  From haughtiness and pride.

Oh, it is then thy feet
  Would stray from virtue's path:

The brightest day of life
  The most of danger hath.

Pray, if thy heart be light
  With happiness and love;
Let blessing raise thy thoughts
  In gratitude above.

Pray, when the deepening shades
  Of sorrow's night come down—
When earthly light grows dim,
  And life puts on a frown.

Pray, when the heart is wrung
  With fearful agony—
When Death's stern summons come,
  And loved ones pass away.

Pray, if the bitter cup
  Or earthly ill be given;
Look, in life's darkest hour,
For light and hope, to Heaven.

OLD MEMORIES.

Old memories! old memories!
  What precious things they are;
How close they cling around the heart,
  How dearly cherished there.
How often we will cast aside
  The cup of promised bliss;
And gladly turn us to the past,
  So fraught with happiness.

Let others boast of coming joys,
  And tell how brightly shine
Their hopes of future happiness—
  Be memory's pleasures mine.
I would not lose the consciousness
  Of one good action done,
To weave the brighest web of bliss
  That fancy ever spun.

Old memories! old memories!
  Oh, how they stir the heart!
How oft a smile will part the lips,
  How oft a tear will start,

As mem'ry, faithful to her trust,
  Brings other scenes again,
In all their very truthfulness
  Of pleasure or of pain.

Oh, who would lose the memory
  Of childhood's early day:
Would wipe a mother's tenderness,
  A father's care away;
A dear, dear brother's earnest love,
  A gentle sister's smile,
The joyous friends of early years,
  When life was glad the while!

Oh, who would roll Lethean the waves
  Above his early youth,
When earthly light seemed all undimmed,
  And all unsullied, truth!
Nay, nay! amid life's later scenes,
  Amid its cares and tears,
These are green spots to which we turn
  Through all our after years.

There 's many a light from bygone days
  Around our pathway cast;
There 's many a treasure garnered in
  The unforgotten past.

Then sometimes let me seek to dwell
  From present scenes apart,
And glean from mem'ry's treasure-house
  A lesson for the heart.

If error hath been rooted out,
  Temptation firmly met,
There may my spirit gather strength
  To bear and battle yet.
And oh, may painful memories
  A faithful warning be,
That present scenes in future years,
  May bring no pang to me.

WEST BLOOMFIELD, N. Y.

[Published in the Philadelphia *Saturday Courier*, 1847.

HOW MUCH THERE IS THAT'S BEAUTIFUL.

How much there is that 's beautiful
  In this fair world of ours—
The verdure of the early Spring,
  The sweetly blooming flowers,
The brook that dances in the light,
  The birds that carol free,
Are objects beautiful and bright
  That everywhere we see.

There 's beauty in the early morn,
  When all is hushed and still—
And at the lovely sunset hour
  'T is spread o'er vale and hill,
It lives within the gorgeous clouds
  That float along the sky—
And oh, how purely beautiful
  Our evening canopy.

It dwells in quiet stillness where
  The glassy waters glide,
And wakes to awful grandeur, 'neath

The cataract's foaming tide;
'T is throned in dark, stern majesty,
Where the tall mountain towers—
Oh, there is beauty everywhere,
In this bright world of ours.

The fairy spell that childhood wears,
Its artlessness and truth;
The light that lives within the eye,
And in the smile of youth;
The impress on the manly brow,
Wrought with a shade of care,
That tells of high and noble thought—
How beautiful they are!

And life—how much is shed around
To bless and cheer us here,
When strength and energy are found,
Its lesser ills to bear;
Although a cloud may sometimes rise,
A shadow sometimes rest
Upon our earthly pathway, still
'T is beautiful and blessed.

WEST BLOOMFIELD, N. Y.

[Published in the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post*, 1848.

I'M LONELY NOW, AND SAD.

I 'm lonely now, and sad—it is not oft
  I feel the absence of friends kind and dear
Come o'er my spirit, till I steal away
  And yield me to the weakness of a tear.

Sister, I miss thy company to-night:
  Thy 'customed seat is vacant at my side;
Life hath a lesson for us yet to learn—
  Our thoughts, our home, our interests to divide.

And oh, how oft at such an hour as this,
  Dear absent brother, I have been with thee;
Perchance our paths of life, so separate now,
  Together mingling nevermore may be.

And there is one whom I have learned to greet
  With the quick thrill of pleasure at my heart,
But I have missed his well-known foot-step long,
  Andexpectation grows a weary part.

I 'm lonely now, and sad—I am not wont
  To find my home so desolate and drear:

Friend, brothers, sister, absent—all alone—
  I will not seek to check the rising tear.

Home is not home, when kind friends are away;
  Joy is not joy, except some loved one share;
And life, devoid of sympathy, to me
  Were but a load of weariness and care.

[Published in the Philadelphia *Saturday Courier*, 1845 or '46.

LINES.*

Dear Cally, still I place my hand
  Upon thy fevered brow;
And anxious still to ease thy pain,
  O'er thy loved form I bow;
Still hold the cold draught to thy lip,
  Still mark thy fading eye,
And watch each symptom, yet I fear
  Our little one must die.

Once and again hath stern death come
  Close to our household band;
But God in mercy spared us yet,
  And stayed the dread command.
He raised a father up to health,
  When hope had well-nigh fled;
He gave a brother back to us
  "Almost from 'mongst the dead."

And now His message lingers near
  Our little household pet;

*Written before the death of Mary Caroline Webster, aged six years.

Oh, is it all too much to ask
  That he will spare her yet—
Will spare the darling of our hearth,
  The sunlight of our home?
Oh, must we yield our treasure up?
  Must death's dread summons come?

And yet, 't were better far to see
  The loved form still in death,
To press the kiss upon her lips,
  And feel no sweet, warm breath,
Than thus to watch from hour to hour
  Her fearful agony,
And see the death-hues o'er her rise,
  And feel that she must die?

Then give us strength to bear the blow,
  And bid our hearts be still;
Oh, do not let our weak thought dare
  To murmur at Thy will.
For hers hath been a sunny life,
  A spirit free and light—
So pure, 't were wrong to deem it change
  To be an angel bright.

West Bloomfield, 1848.

OH, DO NOT LET THE HEART GROW COLD.

Oh, do not let the heart grow cold
  Amid the toil of life,
But rouse thee, and with spirit bold,
  Do battle 'mid its strife.

Meet all its dangers and its foes
  With stalwart arm and true;
Nor let its trials and its woes
  Bring dark despair to you.

What though the sunshine of thy way
  Be clouded for awhile;
The roses from thy path decay,
  And friends forget to smile?

We bless the gath'ring clouds that sail
  Along the summer skies—
The verdure of the earth would fail
  Did storm-clouds not arise.

And so the verdure of the heart
  Would grow diseased and die;

Kind thoughts would wither and depart
  Beneath a cloudless sky.

We need the gentle dew of tears,
  The deeper shower of grief;
And if the tempest-storm appears,
  Pray that its hour be brief.

But do not murmur when the day
  Of life is overcast;
The sun will shed a purer ray
  When the dark hour is past.

[Written in Nunda Valley, N. Y., 1847. Published in the Philadelphia *Saturday Courier*, 1847.

FOR UNCLE CURTIS.

To-day is thy birthday, and we bring
Only good wishes for offering,
But our hearts are beating warm and true,
Uncle Curtis in earnest love for you.
Seventy-seven—a goody way,
Have thy footsteps reached this August day,
And we turn our eyes o 'er the backward years,
With pride where never a shadow appears.
Thank God for the record good and true,
That lies all the peaceful journey through;
Thank God for the sunlight that lingers still,
And brightens the slope of the Western hill;
May it shine undimmed till the pathings end,
Where the seen and the unseen footsteps blend.

THE LIGHT IN MY NEIGHBOR'S WINDOW.

There 's a light in my neighbor's window,
  My neighbor across the way—
It comes with the deep'ing twilight,
  And lasts till the break of day.

Its gleam shines out on the darkness
  From the lamp on the mantel high;
Streaming across the turnpike,
  Falling on passers by.

Oft in the dusk of the evening
  A picture I love to see,
The glimpses of happy faces
  Comes through the window to me.

The form of a pleasant mother,
  Of strong, healthy boyhood, are there
And a wondrously fair little maiden,
  Blue-eyed, and with auburn hair.

And oft in the gathered darkness—
  In the lonely and wearisome night,

I turn my eyes to that window,
  And welcome its cheerful light.

It seems like the hand-clasp of friendship;
  Like a dream that my early life knew,
And I take up the thread of my fancies
  And weave out their fabrics anew.

Some lives, like this light from the window,
  Are shining out steady and strong,
Guiding the wanderer's footsteps,
  Helping the feeble along;

Are holding aloft in the darkness
  Truth's beautiful lamp, and its ray
Is leading hearts onward and upward
  To the light of the Heavenly Day.

MASTER TOM.

Baby Tom was lost one day,
He had slyly crept away,
And we sought him here and there,
In the kitchen, up the stair,
But we could not anywhere
Find our year old baby.

Some one said, "He 's out the door,"
(Why had we not thought before,)
The screen door was open wide,
Surely he had gone outside,
So we rushed about and cried,
"Tom, O Tom!" o'er and o'er.

Not a word our darling said,
But in the verbena bed,
Where beneath the April light,
Crocuses had opened bright,
Where verbenas now delight,
We could see his head.

Often since we 've watched him crawl
O 'er the threshold of the hall—

Down the steps he 'd manage well,
For he scarcely ever fell,
How it was we could not tell—
  There were seven in all.

  Soon we 'd see him softly pass
  Across the path, and through the grass,
Like a votary he went,
With a worshipful intent,
Till he sat in sweet content,
  'Mid the bright-hued mass.

  He is like the flowers we think,
  His hair the white, his cheeks the pink,
But no verbena has the hue
Of the eyes that look at you;
Only into violets blue,
  Does such color sink.

East Norwood 1885

DOLLY DIANA'S LETTERS.*

THE LITTLE GIRLS TO DOLLY DIANA.

(*Before the Drawing.*)

Dolly Diana, with flaxen curls,
You have stolen the hearts of these little girls.
When the chances are taken,
And the box is shaken,
One little heart with joy will o'erflow,
While seventy-nine will sorrow so.

DOLLY DIANA TO THE LITTLE GIRLS.

(*After the Drawing.*)

Dear little girls who sorrow so,
I am sorry to fill your hearts with woe.

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*At a Good Templars' Fair in Crittenden, Ky., eighty chances were taken on a beautiful doll that some one had named Dolly Diana. These letters, from the little girls to Dolly, and from Dolly in return, passed through the Fair Post-Office.

Now when *you* are Dianas and hearts are true,
Remember the lesson I 'm teaching you,
And do n't let eighty hope to obtain
A prize that only one can gain.

BEAR UP BRAVELY.

Bear up bravely, when the heart
  Finds with bitter agony
How life's brightest dreams depart,
  How its sweetest joys decay.
If some cherished hope is crushed,
  If some fav'rite scheme 's o'erthrown,
Do not let the heart despond—
  Cultivate a healthier tone.
Never, 'mid life's ills, forget
How much good is left thee yet.
                Bear up bravely.

Bear up bravely, if the world
  Looketh coldly on thy way,
If its sun refuse to shed
  On thy path a single ray;
If each effort that ye make
  To do battle in its field,
Is with chilling coldness met,
  Till ye almost wish to yield—

Faint of spirit, sick at heart
To perform a manly part.
Bear up bravely.

Bear up bravely, when ye find
That a step hath gone amiss;
All are liable to err,
And the test of strength is this:
That the heart hath courage still,
Courage to retrieve a wrong,
Strength to own committed ill,
And its wanderings atone.
Fail not, at whatever cost,
To regain a step that 's lost.
Bear up bravely.

Bear up bravely, in the hour
Fraught with dark and fearful woe,
When the tempest-gathering power
Breaks upon thy path below;
When distrust is on the throne,
And the heartless crowd deride;
When the friends ye love the best
Turn in coldness from thy side,
Keep thy spirit firm and high,
Rouse thy latent energy.
Bear up bravely.

Bear up bravely, when the one
  Best belovéd sleeps in death;
When the lips that pressed thine own
  Yield to God their feeble breath;
When the last farewell is spoken,
  And the last faint struggle o'er;
Be thy confidence unbroken—
  Thou wilt meet the loved once more.
Life is but a little while—
Half a tear and half a smile.
  Bear up bravely.